

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2, 1852.

The grasp of the Kossuth gripe has choked off your correspondence for a short time past, which, having relaxed its hold, allows the continuance of that communion with your readers.

The gap, however, has been by no means an important one, for nothing of much interest has transpired in the interval. The letter writers here, many of them, from long habit, have learned to spin out very long yarns about the most trifling matters, and most vague rumors, to supply the usual quota of letters; for to vary a line of Byron's, "A letter is a letter although there's nothing in it." The diurnal labors of the two Houses have not consumed on an average more than three hours respectively, if so much, and speech-making, and sparring about resolutions, takes up much of that small allowance of time devoted to the public service. This Congress, however, has the credit of good intentions in the matter of work, and when the Committees have had time to carve out that work which is lying in a rough shape before them, an opportunity of forming a proper judgment will be afforded. Thus far no great deal has been done, though some little headway has been made. The multitude of claimants here is very great. Some preferring private claims, others eager to obtain aid from the Government in the prosecution of some scheme, by which they claim to promote public and private interest. The Collins line of steamers has its busy agents and strikers, pressing on Congress the necessity and propriety of further appropriations to aid it in breaking down the Cunard competition—and various other steam projects contended to open communication with China, the Sandwich Islands, and innumerable other points, are either before Congress, or concocting. All of these projects and applicants appear to think that the public treasury is suffering under a Plethora, which is a matter of pure necessity immediately to subvert by very large depletion. There are so many new men in the present House, that the old hands at the "lobbying" business (which is almost the trade here) have to commence their operations anew in first getting acquaintance and then exerting influence. It does not follow by any means that the intrinsic merits of any particular case will always insure it a priority either in the calendar or in the House, for management does much in these matters, even without the employment of undue means. Hence it is that so many claims, the justice of which is indisputable, have been kept suspended in Congress year after year, while others passed through promptly. A knowledge of this fact, derived from dear bought experience, has brought into existence what may be regarded as a new profession—the Claim Agents who constitute a very numerous and a very busy class of outside members of Congress, their attendance being more punctual, and probably as well paid for as that of the regularly elected members of that body.

The political world here is still quiet—All the Presidential aspirants and their friends are keeping a wary and watchful eye on their rivals and opponents. Each year to show his hand first, and waits for further developments, as indicated in the movements of the people in their district meetings. Since the departure of Kossuth and the plowing over of that breeze, all the politicians have kept cool, and preserved a discreet silence. There is a vast deal of quiet intrigue going on nevertheless, and the Halls of Congress and the Hotels are the scenes of constant conferences and comparisons of views and wishes among the parties either directly or indirectly interested in the coming contest. Never was there a greater diversity of feeling, and a wider divergence of views of policy, presented before by the constituent portions of parties than at the present moment. All seems confusion, dissatisfaction, and disagreement, and how anything like order or arrangement can be produced among such conflicting elements is hard to imagine. Both of the old parties are split up into different cliques, not alone representing the interests each of a different candidate, but discordant in principle, in measures, and the means for carrying them out. Look, for instance at the Whig party, or the remnants of it. It includes not alone a Scott party, a Fillmore party, and a Webster party, but a Seward party also. Oil and vinegar, one would suppose, could be made to mix as easily as any of these.

So, too, with the Democratic party. It has a host of candidates, no two of whom at all harmonize as to the platform which shall be taken; and every day complicates matters more and more. The recent movements in the States of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi have also tended to exasperate and increase these divisions, becoming more irreconcilable. Nobody can pretend to believe that the Southern Rights and Union Democrats of the South will even make a show of Co-operation, and the adoption of either wing of the Democratic party at large will inevitably amount to a repudiation of the other. The proceedings of the Union party fell like bolts—shells in this political camp, for hitherto it has been believed that they would fall back to the lines of their previous parties, as soon as their elections were over. This hope having proved fallacious, and the two Southern parties having now assumed attitudes of decided and unrelenting hostility, the calculation of the leaders here have been greatly confounded, and the chances of the candidates respectively reversed in many respects. One day the star of Cass seems to predominate—the next Buchanan rises higher—then Douglas seems the favorite—superceded again by Butler. The last is probably the most prominent at the present moment, owing to the singular coincidence of being supported at one and the same time, by the slaveholding Kentucky, and the slave hating clique of Benton, Blair and the Van Burens. On the Whig side Mr. Fillmore's intimation of his readiness to run again, has nipped in the bud the hopes of the Webster men, while it enhances the prospects of Gen. Scott, who is undoubtedly the first choice of the greater proportion of his party. He will run well, if his candidate, which it is probable he will be; and the careless confidence of strength which animates the opposition on the divisions and dissensions, will also aid him much. He has no support on the divisions and dissensions, which is the strength of his position.

superior numbers, must be his reliance. The debates in Congress have not been of much interest of late. The discussion of Mr. Foote's Compromise resolution drags along very slowly in the Senate. Mr. McRea did not speak so soon as we had anticipated, owing to indisposition and other causes. He opened his speech on Friday last, but gave way to a motion for adjournment before concluding. He acquitted himself remarkably well, and spoke effectively as well as ably. He is to conclude to-day. The first portion of his speech was devoted to a very skillful dissection of the resolution, and exposure of the incongruity of its parts. The latter and most interesting portion was an exposition of the real position taken by himself and his party in Mississippi, past and future. The concluding portion to-day will probably be more interesting still, as it will be devoted to the great question now before the country—the true theory of States Rights. Mr. McRea although a very young man, has made his mark at home and in the Senate, and will occupy a prominent position in the councils of the country, if he perseveres in the path he has chosen.

In the hurry of the moment, the following piece (which, by the way, is very pretty) was put to press without the necessary corrections. We reprint it in a correct form:

A Fable.

In ancient times, when flowers and trees and fancies were on speaking terms, and all friendly together, one fine summer's day the sun shone out upon a beautiful garden, where there were all sorts of flowers that ye could mention, a lovely but giddy fairy went springing about from one to another, (although no one could see her because of the sunlight), as gay as the morning lark. Then says the Fairy to the Rose—"Rose, if the sun was clouded, and the storm came on, would ye shelter and love me still?" "Do you doubt me?" says the Rose, and reddened up with anger. "Lily," says the Fairy to another love, "if the sun was clouded, and the storm came on, would ye shelter and love me still?" "Oh! do you think I could change?" says the Lily, and she grew still paler with sorrow. "Tulip," says the Fairy, "if the sun was clouded, and the storm came on, would ye shelter and love me still?" "Upon my word," said the Tulip, making a very gentlemanly bow, ye're the very first lady that ever doubted my constancy. So the Fairy sported on, joyful to think of her kind and blooming friends. She revealed away for a time, and then thought of the pale blue Violet, that was almost covered with its broad green leaves; and although it was an old comrade, she might have forgotten it had it not been for a sweet scent that came up from the modest flower. "Oh, Violet," says the Fairy, "if the sun was clouded, and the storm came on, would ye shelter and love me still?" And the Violet made answer—"Ye have known me long, sweet Fairy, and in the first spring time, when there were but few other flowers, ye used to shield from the cold blast under my leaves; now ye've almost forgotten me. But let it pass; try my truth if ye should ever meet with misfortune—but I say nothing."

Well, the Fairy skirted at that, and clapped her silvery wings, and whisked singing off on a sunbeam; but she was hardly gone when a black cloud grew up at the north, and the rain fell in slashing, like hail, and away flies the Fairy to her friend the Rose. "Now, Rose," says she, "the rain has come, so shelter and love me still." "I can hardly shelter my own buds," said the Rose, "but the Lily has wings to get to the Lily." "Lily," says she, "the storm has come, so shelter and love me still." "I am sorry," says the Lily, "but if I were to open my cup, the rain would beat in like fun, and my seed would be spoiled—the Tulip has long leaves." Well, the Fairy was down-hearted enough, but she went to the Tulip, who was always thought a sweet spoken gentleman. He certainly did not look as he had done in the sun, but she waved her little wand, and "Tulip," says she, "the rain and storm are come, and I am very weary, but will ye shelter and love me still?" "Begone," said the Tulip, "be off," says he, "a pretty pickle I should be, if I let every wandering trollop come about me."

Well, by this time she was very tired, her wings hung dripping at her back, wet indeed—but there was no help for it, and leaning on her silver wand, she limped off to the Violet; and the darling little flower with its blue eye, that's as clear as a kitten's, saw her coming, and never a word she spoke, but opened her broad green leaves and took the wild wandering little creature to her bosom, and dried her wings, and then breathed her sweetest perfume over her, and sheltered her until the storm was clean gone. Then the humble Violet spoke and said, "Fairy Queen, it is bad to flirt with many, for the love of one true heart is enough for earthly woman or fairy spirit; the old love is better than the gay complements of a world of flowers, for it will last when the others fade away."

And the fairy knew that it was true, and she contented herself ever after, and made her downy power under the wide spreading Violet leaves, that sheltered her from the rude winter's wind and the hot summer's sun, and to this very day the Fairies love the Violet best.

ANOTHER REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER DEAD.—Mr. John Funderbark, a Revolutionary soldier died in this county, says the Rome Southerner, on the 13th of January last, in the 94th year of his age.—Mr. Funderbark was a native of South Carolina, and came to this country several years ago, retaining a great deal of the vigor of manhood up to the time almost of his death, being able to ride erect and read without glasses.

GRASSY, CREEK, YUNION COUNTY, N. CAROLINA.

Dear Kuzen Stukely:—

Sens yu went to Gorgy, yu don't no what a fine place Munro is got to be. Thar is a heap of nu houses maid thar lately. The very spot whar Dr. McC... yused to kill so many big turkeys, and whar Uncle Jerry killed them blue bucks, is got to be a right smart town, and looks fust rate. The jale is a fine brick bldin', three stories high, and thar's allers somebody in it. Meester Hart's big house aint done yet; but he's got a steem mill that knocks a log into saw-dust quicker, and grinds 54 minutes into a bushol of meal directly. It dus.

But I'm gwine to tell yer, I is, of Meester Major Kuventin's fine house, which I rekken looks like a king's house, for I never seed any thing like it afore, nor sens, nor yu neether. I cum in town wun day, that is Munrow, I did, and I looked down the strote towards Kurnel Brum's Trot place, and sich a big white house was shinin thar; the Jeru gladdy! I had'n't bin in town for 6 munsse afore, I had'n't, and I was spized to see that pallis looking place, I war, standing under that apple tree afore Mr. Hewy Hewating's house, and I seed the Major coming from the court house, and I ses, "Major, kin a body like ov me go and see that fine house of yourn that shines so purty and white?" And then I cotched hold of my britches, and looked at my fut to see if it war fit to go in a fine place like that. The Major ses, (for he is a mighty clear man, he is,) "Oh yes, certainly. I'm gwine hum now, will yer go along?" ses he. It war about 10 or clock, and thinks I, a body kin look at it afore 12; so down I goes with the Major, I dus. And as we went along, the Major looked at the strote leadin' to the korth house frum hissen, and he ses, ses he, that whar an ugly place he wanted to improve, and sich a pile of broken bricks and wun thing nor another as had been hauled that to pile up. Ses I, "Major, yu don't pin yourself down to yer own house and lot, but yu're tryin to help the whole town, yer is?" Well, ses the Major, (for he is a very modest man, he is,) "this strote, when made good, is a finish to the whole view."

And we went along till we got to the gate, and the Major put his finger on a trigger looking thing, whack it went, and the gate flew open, and in we go; we dus. We went on whar the flower garden is to be when he's ready to the house, and I looked up to the shed, and thar the ruf looked like a big custard with white ribs across it, sich as Aunt Haldab yused to make on Christmas for the yung wuns. The Major ses this is the Verandah where one may sit in the heat of the day and cool hisself; and I saw it looked like a Dinah had bin a hold on it; every thing was cut in a sort of net work, out of wood, the posts war teetotally checkered all over from head to foot; and then we went to another Pizarro looking place, that had a brick floor, and the posts war not on rock pedestals, and on wun pose thar war a double hock. I axil the Major what it war for. He sed it was for hanging his coat when his boy brushed it; and I thought it was a fust rate place to hang his boy and brush him, of he didn't do jist rite, I did. We didn't go in the house yit, but we goes to the garden gate, and then I axes about the garden. The Major then showed how the garden was to be fixed, for it wasn't yit done, they coonted du every thing that's to be dun in a year, and then I rite again, I will. A wide walk to be cut across both ways, and in the middle will be a beautiful summer house, with purty shrubs all round it, and on the far side from the house thar will be a "Tarboro" (arbor) with grape vines all over it. We then left the garden and goes round the house towards the cook house; thar I saw in one corner of the yard a nice looking pump jist finished, and I thought the water must be good for it looked so nice; and thar was a feller named Sollyman diggin up stumps. I saw, when I looked at the house, and then looked at the Major, and next at the man diggin at his stumps, I thought how Col. Hampton yused to dig stumps. Col. Hampton is a mighty rich man they say, and the Major's rich too, he is. After looking at the yard, we sot down on the back Pizarro, and a little yellow boy cum and got the papers and letters, for it was mail day at Monroe, it was. When the little boy went into the house he told his missus that we war thar, and then he opened the door, then the Major ris' and ses, "lets go in," so in we goes, and the fust person I seed was the Major's wife, a nice woman she is. She says, "Good mornin, Mr. Storrens," and ses I, "good mornin," and hung down my hed, and kept rite on arter the Major until he got in a little room whar thar was a fire, and thar we warmed a while. We sot by the fire a little, and then he ris, and ses he, "Now I'll show yer the house;" for I told the Major, I heard twas a fine house, and I wanted him to show me all about it, I did, so I could rite to yu in Gorgy.

We cum out of the little room whar the family staid, into another room whar thar war big tables and a cupboard in the wall full of glass, crokery ware and chancy ware, and fine things as ever yu seed in Gorgy or any where. It was no more like Ant Luke's cupboard than a chicken coop is like Mr. President Polk's fine carriage. The Major sed that was the dining rume—now, mind thar's a room in this house for every thing, one for eatin, one for settin, and one for company and sich like. We then went into another whar the stairs war; this they call the "Bostivule," which means the place whar yu cum in the house at, I spose, for thar war a door on every side and a stair case, and the flore and stairs war kivered with a painted truck called fle cloth. The door next town is made of yellow glass cut in divisions. He cotched hold of a handle about as big as a simlin and opened the door into the Verandah; and at one side of the door thar was another simlin looking handle; the Major gin it a jake, and away in the house somethin went jingle, jingle. Thar

now, ses I, yer'e dun it, yer broke crokery ware, yer is. "Oh, no," ses the Major, "that was a bell that stunk ring when they cum." I tell yer, Kuzen Stukely, yu mustn't holler nor nock neither when yu go to see this house; jist pull that simlin and it tells the nuse all over the house; and then a smart little sarvant cumes and looks at your feet and if they're cleane he'll tell yer to walk in; but if they're muddy, he'll say nothing, but go back in the house, and leave yer thar. So when yu go yu look on the end of the steps and yu'll see a thing made of iron to scrape yer feet on.

We next went up stairs, and the stairs all the way up was kivered with that fle cloth I told yer of. Thar war a heap of rooms up stairs with high beds, and purty quilts, and purty curtains in the windoes, and the flore was kivered with a butiful copped. I couldn't tell yu haf I seed. A dore in the side of the wall that led to the "coop below" on the top of the house; but we didn't go up thar, we didn't. We went down stairs into the Bostivule, and then we goes into the room which I thought was the "Parley-yoo" room, for thar was no bed in it, and the Peannor war thar with a nice blanket over it, and the flore war kivered with a nice copped, and on the mantle piece thar war a clock that had a glass shade over it, like a soap bubble, and it kept runnin for 21 dase without winding up—you know that beats daddy's clock all holler; for yer might wind and wind till yer got tired, and then it would take a whole day to run haf an our.

Well, I had'n't seed all yit, thar was on the north side of this room a big double dore that led into the Parley yoo room. The Major cotched hold of the handle and clack, it went and then with a military sling he gin it a push and I heard sumthin go squ-e-e-e-k like it run on wheels, and I looked to see whar the dore was, and the Jeru-squ-squ-squ, if it didn't go back into the wall like a tarrypin's hed when he swollers hisself, and then he tuk the side and gin it a push and it went ker-slap into the wall like the other. I looked in and the only thing I seed for 2 minits was a pare of eyes rite afore me, I couldn't pon the yeth tell whar I was nor what it was that I seed until the Major ses cum in, then I moved, and would yer believe that them eyes war mine, shining in a looking glass with a goold frame, on the other side of the parley. Then the Major axed me to set down, and I sot down on the Sophia, which is a long seat made of hogony wood, and kivered with Mo-ses' hare on springs. When I sot down, it went down, and I jumped rite up and it ris arter me, and may Jimmy Johnson squeeze me if I noed what was wrong. Then the Major ses try yon seat; it war most like the so-phie, only more squarer. Well down I sot on it and it went down like the other, but I sot still and crossed my legs; and I axed the name of this seat, and he said it was called the "Divine Ann," used in the East for a so-ahil chat between to persons. It was jist big enuf for tu. I that it was rite named, for I felt like divine the whole time I sot on it. Then I axed, I sot on a big easy cheet with tickers, I sot on it and rocked till I got sleepy. It was heap easier than our rocking cheet that daddy made when big Sis was born, yu know he borried to staves from Uncle Josh's beer barrel for the rockers yu know, I never could sleep on it nor sleep when any body else was a rockin. Next I looked at the sentry table that had a marble top like a toom stone, any more nor it wasn't shaped like it, and on it was a few choice books and a candle stick and the purtiest little silver cup yu ever seed it belonged to the Major's wife and had her name on it. I shall allers like the Major's Lady for her name is Susan and that is my sweet-hearts name, exactly it is.

The last thing I seed was the "Jerry on dools" on the mantle pence, to hold candles, they looked like goold. And the window fixins was had by a goold looking thing called cordishies. It was nabe day, as I sed afore, so I seed enuf for this time. I bid the Major and his lady good bye, and told em I'd rite to yu. No more till the next time.

HOSHER STORRENS.

MR. BUCHANAN'S LETTER.—The following letter of Mr. Buchanan, was sent in reply to an invitation, extended to him, to be present at the Mississippi Democratic Convention of the 8th of January.

WREATHLAND (near Lancaster), Dec. 24, 1851.

My Dear Sir: I am sorry I did not receive your letter sooner. I might have then given it the "old fashioned democratic" answer which you desire. But I am compelled to leave home immediately; and if I should not write at the present time, it will be too late for the 8th of January. I must, therefore be brief.

My public life is before the country; and it is my pride never to have evaded an important political question. The course of democracy is always straight ahead, and public men who determine to pursue it never involve themselves in labyrinth, except when they turn to the right or to the left from the plain, forward path. Madison's report and Jefferson's Kentucky resolutions are the sacred and sure guides to conduct a democratic administration of the federal government. It is the true mission of democracy to resist centralism and the absorption of unconstitutional powers by the President and Congress. The sovereignty of the States and a devotion to their reserved rights, can alone preserve and perpetuate our happy system of Government. The exercise of doubtful and constructive powers on the part of Congress has produced all the dangerous exciting questions which have imperilled the Union.

The federal Government, never confined within its strict constitutional limits, must necessarily acquire more and more influence through the increased and increasing expenditure of public money; and hence the greater necessity for public economy and watchful vigilance. Overconstitution, when it proceeded from the hands of its framers, was a

simple system; and the more free from complexity it remains, the more powerfully, and beneficially with it operates within its legitimate sphere.

It is centralization alone which has prevented the French people from establishing a permanent republican government, and entailed upon them so many misfortunes. Had the provinces of France been converted into separate territorial sovereignties like our State governments, Paris would no longer have been France, and the revolution at the capital would not have destroyed the federal republic.

Had the principles I have enumerated been observed by the Federal Government and by the people of the several States, we should have avoided the alarming questions which have arisen out of the institution of domestic slavery. The people of each State would then, to employ a homely but expressive phrase, have attended to their own business and not have interfered in the domestic concerns of their sister States. But on this important subject I have so fully presented my views in the inclosed letter to the great meeting in Philadelphia, held in November, 1850, that it would be useless to repeat them even if time would permit.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Geo. R. Fall, Esq.

Lancaster Ledger.

Lancasterville, S. C.

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 12, 1852.

OUR PAPER.

We this day commence the publication of the LANCASTER LEDGER, and, as usual in such cases, we will briefly state the position our Journal will occupy. This the people of Lancaster no doubt expect of us; and this we cheerfully and willingly do. The LANCASTER LEDGER will be an independent paper, devoted to NEWS, COMMERCE, LITERATURE, &c.; advocating all measures which we conceive will be of benefit to the District; disclaiming all connection with any party or clique—firmly and zealously devoting our energies to those matters which serve to promote the welfare and happiness of our people.

Several years ago, the two prominent political parties of the State were Whig and Democrat—now Secessionists and Co-operationists. The former advocating the separate nationality of South Carolina; the latter, in case of a division of the Union, to have the co-operation of all, or some of the slaveholding States. Besides these two great parties, we have in the State, although in the minority, the Union party, who are opposed to Secession under any circumstances, believing our wrongs are exaggerated, that we have no cause to complain of the Federal Government, and that we had better remain as we are. Then, again, we have a party, (though we are glad to say, their number is small) who are violent Secessionists; their creed is Secession under any circumstances; they say they are tired of the Union, and never mind what concessions the General Government might make, they would rather be out of the Union than in it—that once South Carolina becomes a separate and independent government, at once commences her prosperity, her greatness, and her power. A beautiful law of Political Economy is, that according to the supply of an article, so will be the demand; and according to the labor so will be the cost; thus, by a nice distribution, each one who labors, never mind what his labor may be applied to, so will be his remuneration; directly as the remuneration is not sufficient for the labor, the laborer seeks some other branch of industry to apply his labor to.

It is impossible for man to regulate the price to be paid for the labor of a blacksmith, a carpenter, or a field hand—it is also assured that any man can say what the price of corn will be next year. No monopoly can place a fixed price upon the productions of the earth. Now, we are inclined to think that so much that is said in relation to the withdrawing of South Carolina from the Union, and vice versa, does but little good, and is productive of much harm. We are an excitable people, an hereditary gift derived from our Anglo-Saxon ancestors; and in matters involving so much as this does, should be left to the calm, sober, reflecting mind, unaided by the excitable anathemas of hot-headed politicians. Our people know if they are wronged—if they feel that they are—seek redress, and if satisfaction is not given, then consider well the next step. But this running blindly into any course which party spirit would induce others to lead you into, is worse than foolish, and such impetuosity is always attended with irreparable injury. Patience is not submission; enthusiasm is not patriotism.

It is but right and proper that the people should have all the information which can be given in relation to our national matters—this we will do. All the light we can give, shall be given. Nothing will be withheld which can in any way instruct our people in political affairs. Prejudiced in favor of neither party, we will carefully lay before our readers all matters pertaining to our Federal grievances, and let them judge for themselves. If they believe it better to remain as we are, fearing we may make bad worse, so be it; if, on the other hand, they find we should secede from the Union, then let them so decide.

Although the agitation which has existed for the past year between the two parties has now subsided, and although it is the general opinion that the forthcoming Convention will not recommend secession in direct opposition to the declared voice of the people in October last, when the election for members to the Southern Congress was held denouncing secession; still, it is not our purpose to advocate the policy of either party, and we mention this that in case the Convention does recommend secession, we do not mean to

delate to the people what course they had better adopt, but merely recommend them to calm and watchful action. These party strife and party passions, brother from brother, and father from son, and so far we see nothing but accomplished towards secession. We have much to do, besides engaging in political strife, the elevation of that which leads to our social, physical and moral advancement, should be our chief thought, and let us exemplify by our actions that firmness which is the base of patriotism.

No one loves his native State more than we do. Born and bred in South Carolina, we love and venerate her soil, and all our efforts will be exerted to promote the welfare of our country. If hereafter—and by so doing we believe we are doing what duty prompts us to do—should we see fit to devote our energies to the advancement of any cause, the people may reassured our energies will be exerted to promote the cause we believe to be right. We are bound to no party, and whatever we do will be done solely from patriotic principle. We cannot close this article without saying, we do not believe any pure, patriotic citizen desires to see this Union dissolved, if such event can be avoided and our just rights secured. These States are linked together by no common tie. It was eleven years before the representatives from each of the then thirteen States could mutually agree to throw off the yoke of allegiance to the mother country, and declare war against Great Britain. When THOMAS JEFFERSON had prepared the draft of the Declaration of Independence, and when it was submitted to the delegates from the States, every word was deeply thought over, and maturely considered. The members from the different colonial States were from three to four days attentively considering this document before signing it, and we should not forget that the member from South Carolina, Mr. EDWARD RUTLEDGE, refused at first to vote for the resolution declaring the colonies independent States. Can any one attribute this backwardness to a want of patriotic principle? No; it was a subject of such vast importance that he did not like to assume such a responsibility, and at his request the question was postponed to the next day, before he would vote for it, which he then did. We should not forget that our troubles then were great, the yoke was heavy indeed, no concessions were made, we were slaves; and, again, there were thirteen States united. This unity was waited for, patiently waited for, before action was taken, and not until each State could act in concert with the other, was this important question decided.

It was owing to these important facts, and our severe struggle afterwards, that induced GEORGE WASHINGTON to say in his last letter to his people: "The unity of government is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquility at home; your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that whole which we call civil society, and which we call this country, therefore, you should cherish a cordial, habitual and immovable attachment, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

Disclaiming as we do any connection with any party, our columns are open at all times to correspondents from either side, and we sincerely trust that whatever course our State will ultimately pursue, will eventually tend to her benefit.

Our Terms.

On the outside of our paper will be found our terms, prices of subscription advertising &c.

In order that we might not be misunderstood, we now state in a more comprehensive manner the credit and cash price of subscription. The price if paid in advance for one year is Two Dollars, if three months intervene from the time of subscribing, and not more than six, Two Dollars and fifty cents will be charged, and Three Dollars at the end of the year, or after the expiration of six months.

No paper will be sent out of the limits of the State unless the price of subscription is paid first or some person here takes the responsibility upon himself.

Although we are anxious to get as many subscribers as we can, still the publishing of a newspaper requires no little outlay, and these terms will be strictly observed in every case.

Exchanges.

In consequence of having no exchanges to select from, we trust our readers will not consider this as a specimen of what the Ledger will always be.

We intend to give the latest news always. Our paper is printed on Wednesday night, after the arrival of the Charleston mail, and every effort will be made to make the Ledger a paper worthy of the District that gave birth to the Hero of New Orleans.

Advertisements.

Attention is directed to the advertisements of our friend, J. A. Haseltine, and also to those of Haseltine & Hagins. These gentlemen have a large and well selected stock of all kinds of Groceries and Provisions. We speak from our own knowledge as to the selection, as we have tried a few.

Mr. Crockett advertises Garden Seeds, and we would advise our friends in the District to delay no time in purchasing as it is time most seeds should be planted.

The Blacksmith Mr. Boyd advertises we are told is an excellent hand.

A Hungarian officer named May lately killed himself at Constantinople by tying a sheet around his body and setting it on fire.

At the last Session of the Legislature, a law was passed exempting from levy and sale the dwelling and fifty acres of land of the debtor. This law is to go into effect the first of next March, we think, and does not affect the citizens of a town or village, but merely those of the country. Owing to the kindness of some of our friends here, we have noticed in many of our State papers loaned us, that they are all mostly in favor of this law. From the first we were opposed to it, and agree with the Southern Patriot, of Greenville that it is one of the political quackeries of the day. In fact, we look upon it as very much akin to the Bankrupt law enacted a few years since, and on account of the unconstitutionality and injustice of it, was repealed the next session of Congress. We know men who are in lucrative business in Charleston who, having taken the benefit of that law, and thus robbed citizens of their just dues, have since become rich—was not this for the benefit of the few at the expense of many? In considering this Homestead Law we are at a loss to perceive what good it will accomplish, and yet it appears to us to be productive of much harm. In the first place, a man has a house and fifty acres of land, they are merely nominally his; nominally, for even if they be amply worth five hundred dollars, he cannot use the property as five hundred dollars, his wife and children may be starving, but could he purchase necessities from a store when the merchant knows the improbability of his getting his pay, in fact, we may say the impossibility, unless the purchaser has means, exclusive of his dwelling and land, to pay for them? We may all talk about honor and honesty, but business men like to see something more tangible before they give up their wares. Thus it appears to us the law is defeating the very object we presume it was intended to effect. Suppose Mr. A has a dwelling and fifty acres of land, a house and land cannot support him, but before the planting season commences he is compelled to go to work to make his calculations. He finds his land is productive, and if he only had a small boy, a horse, plow, &c., he would be able to make a support for his family, and a little over. He looks about and finds he can purchase these articles, at an amount from four to five hundred dollars. He can purchase them on one, two, and three years time but has to give personal security, as the terms are at all sales. He goes to his friend, Mr. B, and requests the latter to endorse his note. But what does B say, "My friend, I am sorry I cannot, for what indemnity have I for the payment, have no recourse on your dwelling and land, I know you are an honest man, but still, it is a risk I cannot hazard."

Every one knows that in our up-country, a great many of our citizens are not worth more than five hundred dollars, or the equivalent in a dwelling and a land, and good citizens they are too. Why, some of our most worthy citizens as first were not worth more than five hundred dollars, and now they are worth more. They have purchased their supplies and pay up the first of January following; but are we sure they will get this credit hereafter, or even if they do, how will new comers only worth that amount, manage to procure their supplies? Why, suppose the Legislature were to establish a law prohibiting credit altogether, or if one sold to another he does it at his own risk, as there would be no law by which his debtors property could be levied upon—what would be the effect? Why, South Carolina would become depopulated. Yet this Homestead law is calculated to produce the same effect, only on a more contracted scale. Our cotemporary of the Patriot speaks of the English Law which excludes the dwelling and a certain portion of land from levy and sale. In Great Britain the enacting of such a law, serves to keep up and strengthen the very government which we repudiate. Were it not for such stringent laws, the British Government might totter, they are obliged to keep up an aristocracy, therefore this law protects the rich, it was not intended to help the poor. We live in a Republican country, and laws should be enacted, based upon republican principles, and if the Legislature would enforce many laws which they have already enacted, and let such laws as this alone, we believe it would tend more to advance the prosperity and greatness of our beloved State.

In accordance with the general custom, we send our paper to a number of persons who are not subscribers; merely that they might know that there is a paper published here. If they do not wish to subscribe, they will please send the paper by mail to us, with their name on it—if it is not done, the paper will be continued to be sent to them.

We do not by any means wish to force the Ledger on any one, but still, would send rather receive a (\$2.00) bill from each, than the paper.

A few days ago, a wagoner stopped at our door and said he had some freight for us and we inquired, "Why, a tomb stone," said he. A tomb stone? We thought awhile and could not conjecture why a tomb stone should be sent to us; but, on second thought, came to the conclusion that it must be an imposing stone, so we told him to "drive round." When the stone was taken out of the box—"Well," said our friend, "I have, in my time, received several of these but mine always had letters on them."

New Year's Present.

A friend has sent us the following, which we would say is hard to be best: "A negro woman, the property of Alexander Coffey, of this District, was the mother of three female children at one birth, the first day of January, 1852. She gave birth to twelve before these children were all alive, and with the mother as doing as well as could be expected."

There were eighteen children born to a woman in the late convention of 1851, and of them, eleven were still